The BRISTOL GARLAND.

In FOUR PARTS.

PART I.

A Merchant's ſon of worthy fame
From the town of Briſtol came,
Unto a ſweet and pleaſant green,
Where little girls are to be ſeen.
Who uſher'd in the month of May,
With flow'ry garlands freſh and gay,
With muſiic for to entertain
The youthful charming rural plain.
Amongſt theſe youthful ladies bright,
None did exceed for red and white,
Lucy, a ſhepherd's daugter fair,
She like an angel did appear.
The merchant's ſon, who never knew,
Before that time what love could do,
Began to feel an inward flame,
So with theſe words to her he came:
Thou charming beauty of the day,
Who far exceeds the month of May,
And all the beauties of the plain,
Do not my humble ſuit diſdain.
See anſwer'd with a modeſt voice,
Sir, You're miſtaken in your choice.
Don't ſet your heart or love on me,
Who am one of a mean degree.
But a poor ſhepherd's daughter, ſir.
With that he ſtrait ſaluted her.
He did theſe words to her expreſs,
My dear, I love you ne'ertheleſs.
How many men of worthy fame,
In former days that I could name,
Who made it their employ to keep
Their mighty flocks of lambs and ſheep.
Then let us to thy father go,
And if he is willing to beſtow
His daughter on me I'll rejoice,
And be well pleaſed at the choice.
According'y ſhe gave conſent,
And to her father ſtraitway he went.
Here he then treated long of love,
And that he would right conſtant prove.
The ſhepherd made him this reply,
Your ſuit I cannot well deny,
But let me tell you, worthy ſir,
I nothing have to give with her.
But if you love for love's deſert,
Then take her with all my heart.
All parties then were ſoon agreed,
So that they married were with ſpeed.

PART II.

NOW the wedding-rites being done,
Behold the welthy merchant's ſon
To his dear parents brought his bride,
Who were it ſeems diſſatisfied.
Becauſe they underſtood that ſhe
Deſcended from a mean degree.
And was not worthy to be made
His bride, ſo they did her degrade.
Then to their ſon in wrath they ſpoke,
Saying, How dare'd you thus provoke
Your loving friends and parents dear?
Oh! it will break our hearts we fear.
He to his parents thus did ſay,
Hear me a word or two I pray,
She is my bride, my joy, and dear.
Oh! do not break her heart with grief.
Dear friends, I cannot bear to hear,
My wife, my love, my joy, and dear,
Revil'd at ſuch a rate as this.
Alas! ſhe has not done amiſs.
His parents ſaid, Since it is ſo,
Pray take your jewel now and go
Out of our doors, our hands we'll clear,
You ſhall not think to harbour here,

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Pray take your jewel now and go
Out of our doors, our hands we'll clear,
You ſhall not think to harbour here,

Begone, I ſay, depart the houſe,
I'll give you not one ſingle ſouſe,
Or any thing alive or dead,
Altho' you ſtarve for want of bread.
Said he, 'Tis very hard indeed
That in the greateſt time of need,
You'll not relieve nor help your ſon,
So now farewel, your will be done.
Returning back with weeping eyes,
With bitter ſobs and mourning cries,
I'm grieved at the heart, ſaid ſhe,
That I was born to ruin thee.
Let not ſuch thoughts diſturb thy mind,
Nor ſigh nor ſobs for thou ſhalt find
I'll get my bread with pains and care,
And my croſſes with patience bear.
Be thou content, and all is well,
We'll with thy loving parents dwell.
And in regard we have no land,
I'll freely lean with my own hand.
I'll freely go to plow and cart,
I'll freely learn with all my heart,
As thy poor father he has done.
Farewel the name of merchant's ſon.
He did not only ſay, but behold,
In ſummer hot, and winter cold,
He'd reap and mow and till the earth,
As if he came to it by his birth.

PART III.

BUT here's a wonder now at laſt,
When eight Yerrs were gone and paſt,
He did to mighty riches riſe,
And how it came none could deviſe.
But thus it was we underſtand:
He bought a little piece of land,
On which there was ſome ſtumps of trees,
The which he dug up by degrees.
Upon a day by chance he found,
When digging deep within the ground,
A luſty pot with ancient gold,
As full as ever it could hold.
Tho' he was luſty, ſtout, and ſtrong,
He ſcarce could lug the ſame along.
For there were many a thouſand pound,
Which he by mighty fortune found.
He purchas'd then a vaſt eſtate,
And in thoſe parts appeared great,
As any knight of worthy fame,
None knew as yet from whence it came.
While he grew rich, his parents they
Reduced were to ſad decay,
By loſſes which they did ſuſtain,
By land as well as ocean main.
He ow'd a thouſand pounds and more,
The cruel creditors therefore,
On all that e'er he had then ſeiz'd,
Yet ne'ertheleſs they were not pleas'd,
But would have had his body too,
So that for fear, alas! he flew.
And forced was to hide his head,
While he and ſhe both wanted bread.

PART IV.

NOW while they were in this diſtreſs,
And nothing had wherewith to bleſs
Themſelves withal, glad tidings came
Of their ſon's eſtate, and wealthy fame,
The woman to her husband cry'd,
Let's to our ſon, he will provide
A place for us, we need not fear.
Why ſhould we lie and languiſh here.
If he ſhould do ſo good a deed,
Now in our want and time of need,
'Tis more than we might well expect,
Remember how we did reflect,
On him and his beloved wife.
And ſaid in wrath, that during life
By me they never ſhall be fed,
Altho' they ſtarv'd for want of bread.
This was my fault, this was my ſin,
How can I think he'll take us in,
Who did him throw quite out of door,
And bid him ſee my face no more.
But, loving husband, you ſhall find
He's of a courteous heart and mind,
And ſhall receive us both in love,
Juſt as ſhe ſaid ſo it did prove,
For coming to his manſion place,
The ſon he thought it no diſgrace
To fall upon his bended knee,
So did his wife as well as he.
As from their knees they did ariſe,
His parents dear with weeping eyes,
Their griefs and ſorrows did relate,
Who had been moſt unfortunate.
Said he, Moſt welcome, parents dear,
Unto my habitation here.
Let not theſe tears of ſorrow fall,
I have enough to ſerve us all.
Father, your debts I'll freely pay,
The world ſhall never have to ſay,
That e'er they loſt a groat thro' you,
Now bid your ſorrows quite adieu.
Then did he feaſt and cloath them both,
And ſaid, My parents, pray henceforth,
In plenty live, and take ſome eaſe,
At home with me, or where you pleaſe.
If here you are not free to live,
One hundred pounds a year I'll give,
If that won't ſerve you ſhall have two,
God gave it me thus to ſerve you.
Thus was he dutiful and kind,
Now ſons and daughters bear in mind
How tender he was to his friends,
And thus my mournful ditty ends.

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